

THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL": BEST AND BRIGHTEST

The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,580.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915

One Halfpenny.

FAMOUS PARISIAN ACTRESS USES A TABLE AS A STAGE AND RECITES TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THEIR REFECTORY.



This picture illustrates the scene at one of the entertainments which are given daily in the Grand Palais, Paris (now a hospital). There are usually 700 men in the refectory for the midday meal, and after their repast they listen to the best talent the French capital

can produce. The artists mount one of the tables in the centre of the room, so that all can hear them. Here charming Jeanne Prevost is seen reciting to convalescents. It is safe to say that she never had a more appreciative audience.

HOW GREAT BRITAIN IS WAGING AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE AGAINST TURKEY.



British bluejackets landing in the Dardanelles. The picture also shows the Allied warships. There are no risks which our brave sailors are not prepared to run in order to bring about the fall of the Turkish capital. They have performed many thrilling

deeds, and yesterday came a vivid story of how the destroyer Renard ran up the Straits for a distance of more than ten miles. She was not hit, though exposed to a heavy fire.

GLAD SURPRISE FOR RETURNING M.P.s.

Brief First Sitting and Promise of 'Three Days a Week' Motion.

HOUSE TO BAN ALCOHOL?

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.) A pleasant surprise was in store for members of Parliament yesterday.

So light was the business before them that the sitting lasted less than three-quarters of an hour.

It was the first meeting of the Commons since the long Easter holidays.

Yet, light though the business was, the attendance was unusually large for a "war sitting."

All the leading members of the Ministry were in their places, and behind them sat solid rows of Liberals, most of whom looked very fit and bronzed after their four weeks' vacation.

The weather-beaten faces on the front Opposition bench formed a striking contrast to the appearance of Ministers, whose duties have kept them in town during the greater part of the recess.

CHEERED FOR HIS WEDDING.

Lord marriage of congratulation on his recent marriage cheered Lord Harrington when he rose to answer Foreign Office questions.

In reply to Mr. Peto he stated that, after careful consideration, it had been found that the military advantages to be gained by the declaration of cotton as contraband were insufficient to render such a step expedient.

Mr. Tennant, replying to Mr. Wing, said the only intoxicant sold in the Army canteens at home was beer, and it was not the present intention to prohibit its sale.

The only beverage sold at the base canteens was light French beer, and he was advised that its intoxicating power was very slight.

The Under-Secretary for War stated that the number of non-commissioned officers or men from the ranks who had received commissions since the beginning of the war was 1,564, and as far as information went they had proved fairly satisfactory.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS TO RESIGN.

The Prime Minister, in reply to Mr. Bonar Law, said he proposed to move a resolution providing that the House of Commons should only sit on three days a week, and that Monday be not one of these days.

To-day has been fixed for this motion.

A letter was read by the Speaker from Sir David Erskine, the Sergeant-at-Arms, conveying his desire to resign his office, and Mr. Asquith stated that he would move a resolution in this connection next Tuesday.

On the motion for the House going into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates, the Premier informed Mr. Wing that he would give a day for considering a resolution on the question of the sale of intoxicating liquor in the House of Commons.

The House went into Committee and adjourned at 3.20 p.m., after a sitting of less than three-quarters of an hour.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided at the Treasury yesterday morning over an influential committee which met to deal with the questions of drink and amusements.

The Chancellor motored direct from Walton Heath. Prominently displayed in a receptacle in front of his car was a large medicine bottle containing a slightly coloured liquid.

"The national beverage," whispered someone in the small group of people which witnessed the Chancellor's arrival.

Great Britain, it is understood, has agreed:—

To pay the price the owners would have realised on the cargo had it gone to Hamburg—its original destination.

To compensate the owners for the loss sustained by the stopping of the vessel and by the proceeding against the cargo.

To pay for such delay of the ship as was caused by the British authorities.

A referee, to be named by the American Ambassador and Sir E. Grey, will decide the amount of the payments. The owners will unload the cargo and deliver it to the British Government, and the ship will then be free to proceed.

WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS SHIP.

When the crew of the liner Wayfarer—on which an explosion occurred—had taken to the boats, said a member of the crew in an interview yesterday, the captain still remained on the bridge.

He declined to abandon the ship, though it was fast settling down. He asked some of the crew to stand by the vessel with him and they did so, and by working hard at the pumps kept the water from gaining.

After one ship had taken the crew out of the lifeboats the Framfield took the disabled liner in tow for Queenstown.

HEROINES OF THE HEARTH

Famous Writer's Tribute in "Sunday Pictorial" to Women's Courage.

SPLENDID SELF-SACRIFICE.

Many splendid stories of deathless heroism on the battlefield have appeared in the British Press since the beginning of the great war.

But magnificent as has been the conduct of our soldier lads in France and Flanders—and they are all heroes now—heroism of another kind must not be overlooked.

This is the heroism of the women of the Empire, who in the privacy of their own homes have been passing through the heartaching and almost overwhelming anxieties every woman feels when the lives of loved ones are in peril.

Yet in spite of unpeakable anxiety and in many cases of bereavement they have in a multitude of ways helped and encouraged their menfolk in the hour of the Empire's need.

A fine tribute to the nobility of women will appear in the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

It has been written by Miss Beatrice Harraden, the gifted authoress. It is called "The Women Are Splendid."

Miss Harraden is the author of the famous "Ships That Pass in the Night."

This was the only book found in Cecil Rhodes's bedroom on his death, and its pages were freely pencilled.

Miss Harraden has written a good deal since then, and to-day is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest women writers in the world.

As Miss Harraden's article is only one of many striking features of the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*, the public would be well advised to order that popular paper at once.

JEWISH BOY PATRIOT.

Lad Tells Objector He Can Do a Man's Work at the Front Easily.

Typical of the splendid spirit which has called over 12,000 Jews in this country to the colours is a letter, mentioned in the current issue of the *Jewish World*, which a boy has sent to a well-known member of the community who has apparently been endeavouring to interfere with his military ambitions.

"I don't want you to mix in where I am going," says the lad emphatically.

"I have volunteered for the front, and I am going. Never you mind about me being too young. I can do a man's share in the war easy."

"I am not a coward. It is not good of me to join the Army and be frightened to go to the front."

After further protestations, accompanied by threats of what the boy would do if the other person "mixed in"—the lad proceeds to philosophise thus:—

"It won't hurt you if I get killed, it will hurt me"—an incontestable proposition—"and, besides, I would rather die for my country than die as a coward, and you must die once, so let it be for my country."

So reasons the Jewish boy patriot, and this boy is only one of many—very many—for Jews have answered the call of the country in numbers far in excess of their due proportion as compared with the rest of the population.

ROMANCE OF POTATO RINGS.

"Two beautiful Irish potato rings were sold at the Red Cross Auction at Christie's, yesterday, for 500 guineas each, to Lord Newlands."

The rings belonged to Samuel Pepys Cockerell, of the Royal Flying Corps, who met his death in Egypt in the service of his country, and his parents, in his memory, presented the rings to the cause.

For the first, weighing 10oz., Lord Newlands bid 500 guineas, the largest opening offer since the sale began. No one challenged the bid, and the hammer fell. The second ring was knocked down to Lord Newlands at the same price.

The auctioneer announced that Lord Newlands wished the rings to be handed back to the Cockerell family as a memento of his appreciation of their gallant son's conduct.

CUDDLING DOLLIES.

Toy That Little Children Can Safely Take to Bed with Them.

"TEDDY BEAR IN CLOTHES."

Dolls for cuddling—"cuddling dollies," as they are called—are among the newest novelties in toys.

Every little child loves to take its doll to bed, and so the manufacturers have devised a specially soft doll, that is suitable for cuddling, and cannot possibly hurt a little child in any way.

Teddy bears now wear clothes which look like bathing suits. Saucy toy pussy cats with their tongues out also wear suits, which include rose-pink petticoats.

Irish dolls, dolls in khaki, dolls in kilties, all are now displayed, as well as the Red Cross nurse dolls.

Special attention is given in the toy trade this year to dollies' beds. These consist of little iron bedsteads and hanging curtains and valances and bed quilts all to match.

Layette baskets, in which the doll baby is included, are also being sold.

SPRING CLEANING CALL.

April Sun Reminds Housewives of Their Annual Festival of Work.

The house was just a little dusty, but—with April in her "sulky," I cannot muster it would hardly notice it. Then came yesterday's glorious, wonderful weather. The golden sunshine flooded through the windows, showing up the dust and the cobwebs which had collected unseen during the winter.

"Dear me," said the housewife, "I never knew things were so bad; I must begin spring cleaning at once!"

April was in her most charming mood yesterday, and she acted as a vigorous tonic to all and sundry. In London—even where the bright sunshine showed up the dust—the buoyant spirit of spring and happiness was abroad.

"What a glorious day!" said the elderly clubman, as he prepared for a walk in the park.

"I think I will wear my light waistcoat to-day, and perhaps a flower in my buttonhole. I feel quite a boy again."

April, too, was responsible for quite a charming parade of feminine "creations" in the West End parks and streets.

Dainty spring frocks, showing perhaps just a glimpse of "founcy" white petticoat, made their appearance for the first time. Quite a number of parasols were also to be seen.

Overcoats were quite unnecessary when one walked in the sunshine. At 1 p.m. the sun temperature in Central London was 59deg., and the shade temperature 52deg.

Fortunate mortals were those who were able to spend yesterday in the country. Just now is the beginning of the blossoming season. The almond trees and the pear trees are now covered with blossoms.

Certain varieties of plum are also blossoming, and the trees in the orchards look as if they are covered in snow.

SPORTING VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, April 14.—Already known as the sporting Viceroy, Lord Wimborne made his state entry into Dublin Castle to-day as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

He had a rousing reception from the thousands assembled along the route, on which was something like three miles of khaki, the streets from Westland-row Railway Station to the Castle being lined with soldiers.

Those taking part in the state procession included Lady Wimborne, the Hon. Ivor Guest, the Hon. Rosemary Guest, Lord Basil Blackwood and the Hon. Cynthia Guest.

Lord Wimborne, on horseback and was accompanied by General Frend, the officer commanding the troops in Ireland.

Lord Wimborne and his party left Holyhead yesterday morning by the Dublin mail steamer Munster for Dublin. The 3rd Defence Company of the 6th Royal Welsh Fusiliers formed a guard of honour at the Admiralty Pier.

'QUEEN' SAYS DOCTOR TRIED TO FLIRT

Sobbing Woman Plaintiff's Story of "a Most Ferocious Man."

WHY SHE LAY AND KICKED

That the aurist at a hospital at which she was a patient for ear trouble and where she was known as "Queen" tried to flirt with her was stated by Miss Victoria Poulton, of Langhammans, Earl's Court, whose action for alleged libel and slander was continued yesterday in Mr. Justice Lawrence's court.

She is suing:—

Lady Susan Milman, of Old Court-mansions, Kensington; her daughter, Miss Victoria Poulton, of Langhammans; her son-in-law, the Rev. Swann Mason, a chaplain of the Fleet, and his wife. They deny the allegations.

Miss Poulton, who opened her case herself, was yesterday represented by Mr. Barrington Ward. She again gave way to tears repeatedly while giving evidence.

A letter said to have been written by Miss Rosalind Milman to a lady was produced. It stated that "Q"—the plaintiff, who was called "Queen"—had said that the aurist tried to flirt with her.

The doctor was directed by Mr. Hume Williams to take his seat at the front of the court, and Miss Poulton then, in answer to counsel's question, persisted that the doctor tried to flirt with her.

Again bursting into tears, she sobbed: "Everybody is against me; nobody tries to show me consideration."

The hearing was again adjourned.

VISITS TO SOLICITORS.

Dr. Percy Smith, physician for mental diseases at St. Thomas's Hospital, said Miss Poulton consulted him on January 23, 1911, to ascertain whether he thought she was of sound mind.

She gave him a coherent story of her life and he formed the opinion that she was quite sane. He gave her a certificate as to her sanity and ability to manage her own affairs.

Miss Poulton, giving evidence, told of a row with Rita—Mrs. Swann Mason. Her sister (Miss Rosalind Milman) was quite sane, she suggested to get a doctor to sign a certificate to have witness put into an asylum.

In cross-examination plaintiff said she went into the London Hospital in 1907 for an operation upon her ear.

Counsel put in a letter from Mr. Sydney Holland to Lady Milman saying that Miss Poulton in the hospital made a poor return for all their kindness to her. The letter proceeded: "There is never a 'Thank you' for sisters or nurses. She orders them about as though they were so much dirt."

"BATH WAS SUCH A COMFORT."

Mr. Williams read a couple of letters in which plaintiff referred to Rosie having chipped plaintiff's porcelain bath. Plaintiff wrote:—

"The chipping of my bath has made me more hopeless than anything. The only comfort I have in life is having a few nice things, and the bath was such a comfort and now it is spoiled."

Plaintiff denied saying of Rita, "I curse her. I hope her life will be spoiled, and I will burn her figure in effigy."

Mr. Williams asked if you lock Rosie in a room and then lie on the floor and kick and scream? Plaintiff: I did not scream.

The Judge: Did you lie on the floor and kick? Plaintiff: I am afraid so. I cannot tell you why. It is so uncomfortable.

She admitted Rosie met her afterwards and told her that in a struggle they had had plaintiff bit her. Plaintiff replied, "Oh, Rosie, darling, you will get hydrophobia." (Laughter.)

"A MOST FEROCIOUS MAN."

Miss Poulton described great laughter in describing her visits to solicitors. She went round in a cab, she said, and called on heaps. Wherever she saw "solicitor" posted up she went in. She went on:—

I cried and all that, and they were all very sorry for me. The first said I suspected my brother was matrimonial. He supposed I was mixed up in a divorce case. He said he would be a father to me.

Across the landing I plunged in upon a most ferocious man. He said he did not act for common people. He replied: "I am sorry to hear of a divorce case. He said he would be a father to me."

Mrs. E. Fleming, wife of Mr. George Fleming, of Atterton Hall, Cannock (Staffs.), said that Miss Rosalind Milman wrote to witness, saying:—

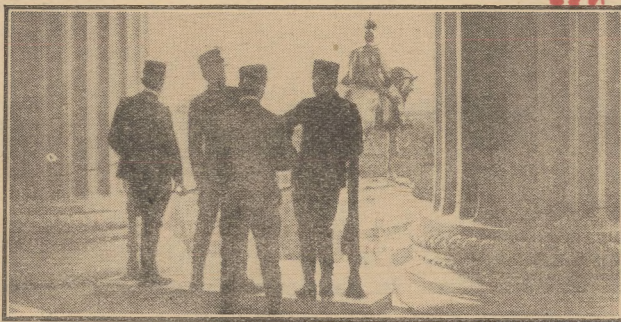
Can you think of anything to be done. Things are quite impossible. "Q. P." (the plaintiff) has apparently spent £100 having the family and myself watched and followed. To get a night's peace I left town without giving her my real address. Her watchers have found me out.

She carries about with her a parcel of stuff to throw in Rita's face to blind her and disgrace her. She has posted thirty-four evil postcards to all the addresses she has ever known in connection with me.

Witness admitted writing to Miss Milman, in reply, that it was time plaintiff's relations had the worry and trouble left her, as she was a real danger and should be under restraint.

SPY TRIAL IN PRIVATE.

The trial of the three alleged spies, who gave the names of Macfie, Muller and Han, and who will be charged with communicating naval and military information to the enemy, will take place in camera at the High Courts on Monday, April 26.



The sightseers in Rome to-day are the Italian soldiers, who may be seen admiring the statues of their country's heroes. Their only desire is to prove themselves as worthy as those who have gone before.

THE PRINCE OF WALES WINS HIS SPURS WITH OUR ARMY AT THE FRONT

Sir J. French's High Praise of the Prince's Thoroughness.

ON GENERAL STAFF DURING THE BIG BATTLE.

Bishop of London, Who Ministered to the Men Under Shell Fire.

DELAY THAT OCCURRED AFTER TAKING OF VILLAGE.

Sir John French's dispatches, telling the story of the Neuve Chapelle victory, are now hand, and are a record of thrilling work by our gallant troops.

And these dispatches were brought to England by the Prince of Wales.

Of our gallant young soldier Prince, who has acquitted himself so well at the front, Sir John French has the following interesting things to say:—

"His Royal Highness continues to make most satisfactory progress. During the battle of Neuve Chapelle he acted on my General Staff as a Liaison Officer.

"Reports from the General Officers Commanding Divisions to which he has been attached agree in commending the thoroughness in which he performs any work entrusted to him.

"I have myself been very favourably impressed by the quickness with which his Royal Highness has acquired the knowledge of the various branches of the service, and the deep interest he has always displayed in the comfort and welfare of the men.

"His visits to the troops, both in the field and in hospitals, have been greatly appreciated by all ranks.

"His Royal Highness did duty for a time in the trenches with the battalion to which he belongs."

Sir John, in mentioning the visit to the front of the Bishop of London, says: "Personal fatigue and even danger were completely ignored by his Lordship."

"The Bishop held several services virtually under shell fire, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevented from carrying on his ministrations under rifle fire in the trenches."

In the dispatches Sir John mentions the valuable services of General Sir Douglas Haig, who commanded the First Army, and also those of Lieutenant-General Sir William Robertson.

MAIN ATTACK DELIVERED BY FIRST ARMY.

Sir Douglas Haig's Skill Contributed Largely to the Defeat of Germans.

Sir John French's dispatch is dated April 5, and deals with "the victory achieved over the enemy at the battle of Neuve Chapelle, which was fought on March 10 and 12." The following are extracts from the dispatch:—

The main attack was delivered by troops of the First Army under the command of General Sir Douglas Haig, supported by a large force of heavy artillery, a division of cavalry and some infantry of the general reserve.

Secondary and holding attacks and demonstrations were made along the front of the Second Army, under the direction of its commander, General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

Whilst the success attained was due to the magnificent bearing and indomitable courage displayed by the troops of the 4th and Indian Corps, I consider that the able and skilful dispositions which were made by the General Officer Commanding First Army contributed largely to the defeat of the enemy and to the capture of his position.

The energy and vigour with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power.

A. SURPRISE ATTACK.
Another action of considerable importance was brought about by a surprise attack of the Germans made on March 14 against the 27th Division holding the trenches east of St. Elou.

A large force of artillery was concentrated in this area under cover of mist, and a heavy volume of fire was suddenly brought to bear on the trenches at 5 p.m.

This artillery attack was accompanied by two mine explosions; and, in the confusion caused by these and the suddenness of the attack, the position of St. Elou was captured and held for some hours by the enemy.

Well directed and vigorous counter-attacks, in which the troops of the 2nd Army showed great bravery and determination, restored the situation by the evening of the 15th.

About the end of February many vital considerations induced me to believe that a vigorous

offensive movement by the forces under my command should be planned and carried out at the earliest possible moment.

Among the more important reasons which convinced me of this necessity were:—

The general aspect of the Allied situation throughout Europe, and particularly the marked success of the Russian Army in repelling the violent onslaughts of Marshal von Hindenburg.

The apparent weakening of the enemy in my front, and the necessity for assisting our Russian Allies to the utmost by holding as many hostile troops as possible in the Western theatre.

The efforts to this end which were being made by the French forces at Arras and Champagne, and, perhaps the most weighty consideration of all, the need of fostering the offensive spirit in the troops under my command after the trying and possibly enervating experiences which they had gone through of a severe winter in the trenches.

The object of the main attack was to be the capture of the village of Neuve Chapelle and the enemy's position at that point, and the establishment of our line as far forward as possible to the east of that place.

SECRET MEMORANDUM TO SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

The object, nature and scope of the attack, and instructions for the conduct of the operations, were communicated by me to Sir Douglas Haig in a secret memorandum dated February 19.

Full instructions as to assisting and supporting the attack were issued to the Second Army.

The battle opened at 7.30 a.m. on March 10 by a powerful artillery bombardment of the enemy's position at Neuve Chapelle. The artillery bombardment had been well prepared and was most effective, except on the extreme northern portion of the front of attack.

At 8.5 a.m. the 23rd (left) and 25th (right) Brigades of the 5th Division assaulted the German trenches on the north-west of the village.

At 8.5 a.m. the artillery turned on to Neuve Chapelle, and at 8.55 a.m. the advance of the infantry continued.

The 25th and Garthwaite Brigades pushed on eastward and north-eastward respectively, and succeeded in getting a footing in the village.

The 23rd Brigade was still held up in front of the enemy's wire entanglements, and could not progress. Heavy reserves were ordered, especially in the Middlesex Regiment and the Scottish Rifles.

Later, however, the 23rd Brigade were able to get forward.

DELAY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED.

Considerable delay occurred after the capture of the Neuve Chapelle position.

The infantry was greatly disorganised by the violent nature of the attack and by its passage through the enemy's trenches and the buildings of the village.

It was necessary to get units to some extent together before pushing on. The telephonic communication being cut by the enemy's fire rendered communication between front and rear most difficult.

The fact of the left of the 23rd Brigade having been held up had kept back the 8th Division, and had involved a portion of the 25th Brigade in fighting to the north out of its proper section of advance. All this required adjustment.

An orchard held by the enemy north of Neuve Chapelle also threatened the flank of an advance towards Aubers Ridge.

I am of opinion that this delay would not have occurred had the clearly expressed order of the General Officer Commanding First Army been more carefully observed.

The difficulties above enumerated might have been overcome at an earlier period of the day if the General Officer Commanding Fourth Corps had been able to bring his reserve brigades more speedily into action.

As it was, the further advance did not commence before 3.30 p.m.

The 21st Brigade was able to form up in the open on the left without a shot being fired at it, thus showing that at the time the enemy's resistance had been paralysed.

The First Corps, in accordance with orders, delivered an attack in the morning from Givenchy simultaneously with that against

Neuve Chapelle, but as the enemy's wire was too efficiently cut very little progress could be made, and the troops at this point did little more than hold fast the Germans in front of them.

On the following day, March 11, the attack was renewed by the 4th Indian Corps, but it was soon seen that a further advance would be impossible until the artillery had dealt effectively with the various houses and defensive localities which held up the troops along the entire front.

Efforts were made to direct the artillery fire accordingly; but owing to the weather conditions which did not permit of aerial observation, and the fact that nearly all the telephonic communications between the artillery observers and the batteries had been cut, it was impossible to do so with sufficient accuracy.

Even when our troops which were pressing forward occupied a house here and there, it was not possible to stop our artillery fire, and the infantry had to be withdrawn.

The two principal points which barred the advance were the same as on the preceding day—namely, the enemy's position about Moulin de Pietre and at the bridge over the River des Laves.

As most of the objects for which the operations had been undertaken had been attained, and as there were reasons why I considered it inadvisable to continue the attack at that time, I directed Sir Douglas Haig on the night of the 12th to hold and consolidate the ground which had been gained by the 4th and Indian Corps, and suspend further offensive operations for the present.

COST OF THE BATTLE FOR THE VILLAGE.

The losses during these three days' fighting were, I regret to say, very severe, numbering—

100 officers and 9,337 other ranks, killed.

359 officers and 8,174 other ranks, wounded.

23 officers and 1,728 other ranks, missing.

But the results attained were, in my opinion, wide and far reaching.

The enemy left several thousand dead on the battlefield, which were seen and counted; and we have positive information that upwards of 12,000 wounded were removed to the north-east and east by train.

Thirty officers and 1,657 other ranks of the enemy were captured.

I can best express my estimate of this battle by quoting an extract from a Special Order of the Day, which I addressed to Sir Douglas Haig and the First Army at its conclusion:—

"I am anxious to express to you personally my warmest appreciation of the skilful manner in which you have carried out your orders, and my fervent and most heartfelt appreciation of the magnificent gallantry and devoted, courageous display by all ranks whom you have ably led to success and victory."

Referring to the casualties, Sir John says:—

"I can well understand how deeply these are felt by the nation at large, but each daily report shows clearly that they are being endured on at least an equal scale by all the combatants engaged throughout Europe."

The power of defence conferred by modern weapons is the main cause of the long duration of the battles of the present day, and it is this fact which mainly accounts for such loss and waste of life.

PRAISE FOR CANADIANS AND TERRITORIALS.

Sir John, in referring to the night enterprises of patrols, speaks of their invincible courage and remarkable resource.

All the soldiers of Canada serving in the Army under my command have so far splendidly upheld the traditions of the Empire, and with I feel sure, prove to be a great source of additional strength to the forces in this country.

In former dispatches I have been able to comment very favourably upon the conduct and bearing of the Territorial Forces throughout the operations in which they have been engaged.

As time goes on, and I see more and more of their work, whether in the trenches or engaged in more active operations, I am still further impressed with their value.

Several battalions were engaged in the most critical moments of the heavy fighting which occurred in the middle of March, and they acquitted themselves with the utmost credit.

Praise is given to the Flying Corps and the Army Medical Corps.

ZEPPELIN BOMB RAID NEAR YPRES.

German Marksman Fail to Hit Aerodrome—Two Machines Captured by Allies.

VIENNA DREADS DEFEAT.

German air "frightfulness" seems to be as complete a failure as the pirates' plot.

A Zeppelin, it was reported yesterday from Paris, attempted to bombard an Allies' air base at Bailleur, near Ypres, but even the aviation ground was not hit. As usual, the bombs were badly aimed and claimed three civilians as victims.

In the Carpathians the battle for the heights is developing into such importance that it may settle the fate of Austria.

AIRSHIP'S FUTILE RAID.

PARIS, April 14.—There is nothing to report since last night's communiqué.

A Zeppelin threw some bombs over Bailleur, aiming at the aviation ground, which it did not hit.

Three civilians were killed. Two German aeroplanes were obliged to descend in our lines, one near Braine and the other near Luneville. The airman were made prisoners.

A third enemy machine, struck by the fire of our advanced posts, fell near Ornes (north of Verdun), 600 yards from our lines. One of the airman was hit by a bullet.—Central News.

HINDENBURG IN BELGIUM?

PARIS, April 14.—The Journal declares that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg arrived in Courtrai (Belgium) on Friday, the 9th.—Central News.

FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE.

PETROGRAD, April 14.—The battle in the Carpathians grows in importance and the result of this engagement will probably decide the fate of Austria.

Heavy German reinforcements are arriving daily in support of the Austrians.

Military authorities state that the conduct of the enemy's operations has been transferred to the German headquarters, and there is ground for the supposition that the Kaiser himself is responsible for the military scheme.

Seven German torpedoes are operating near Rostuki, where the rival armies are within a short distance of each other. The Germans' last attack met with an extremely obstinate resistance from the Russians.

The Usok Pass is still held by the Austrians, and fierce encounters are probable here, as the pass is one of the most important keys to the Hungarian Plain.

Colossal losses attended the enemy's efforts in the direction of Stryi.

The situation is generally favourable in the Carpathians, although the enemy shows growing power of resistance, owing to the necessity of making a supreme effort to save the Austro-Hungarian Empire.—Central News.

VIENNA A PREY TO TERROR.

PARIS, April 14.—A message from Rome to the Echo de Paris states that, despite the optimism of the Austrian communiqué, the truth is beginning to come to light in Vienna.

The city is now a prey to terror. Some of the wealthier families have already left, and in the upper circles there seems to reign complete demoralisation.—Exchange Special.

BRITISH SHIPS' DASH UP THE DARDANELLES.

H.M.S. Renard and London Dare Heavy Fire for Ten Miles.

TENEOS, April 13.—H.M. destroyer Renard yesterday entered the Dardanelles on a scouting mission.

She ran up the straits at high speed for over ten miles, penetrating probably farther than any of our ships has yet done. A heavy fire was directed at her, but she was not hit.

H.M.S. London entered the straits after her and drew most of the enemy's fire.

It is possible that the Turks have withdrawn part of their artillery from here in order to mass it quickly at any spot the Allied armies may choose for landing. A battery was bombarded by H.M.S. Triumph on Saturday. It has apparently been permanently put out of action.

The weather is rainy and murky, hindering aerial reconnaissance.—Reuter's Special Service.

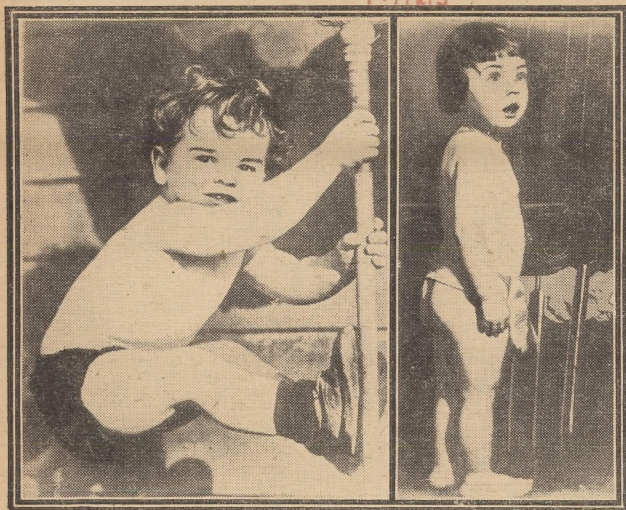
AMSTERDAM, April 14.—A telegram from Constantinople states that the following official communiqué has been issued:—

Some enemy ships on Monday shelled for half an hour, without success, our batteries in the neighbourhood of the entrance to the Dardanelles. A cruiser and a torpedo-boat were hit by our shells.—Central News.



German officers using the base of a village cross to work out some new move on their maps. The picture was taken in France.

EUGENIC BABIES BETROTHED.



Alene Houck (standing on the chair) and William C. Flynn, who have been betrothed. Their parents belong to the Eugenic Sect in New York. Alene is seventeen months old and her fiancé thirty-seven months.

THREE BRIDES OF YESTERDAY.



Miss A. C. Tempest, who was married to Mr. J. C. Symonds, A.S.G.—(Val L'Estrange.)



Miss W. Symonds, who was married to Lieut. G. Walker Bairstow, 20th Hussars.—(V. L'Estrange.)



Miss Alice Mary Cripps, who was married to Mr. Gavin Henry Todd.—(Swaine.)

SWEEPING THE MINE-STREWN WATERS OF THE DARDANELLES.



A lull in the operations while the mine-sweepers clear up a fresh area. The craft used for the purpose can also be seen in the picture. When no more of these deadly weapons remain in a particular stretch of water the fleet can move forward and bombard another fort. But the Turk has sown them with a lavish hand, and it is floating mines which are believed to have caused the loss of British and French battleships, though the Germans claim that they were sunk by gun fire.

HER NEW SPHERE.



Arriving at the house.



Hard at work.

Window-cleaning is woman's latest sphere of activity, and girls are employed by a Bromley firm.

H.P.

the all-British SAUCE

has a new and distinctive flavour, quite different from any other sauce

ONE QUALITY
ONE SIZE
ONE PRICE

6^d.

Of all
Grocers.



ARE YOU SHORT?

If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Hay 2 1/2 inches; Miss Davies 3 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Hook 5 inches; Miss Loevel 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 guarantee. ARTHUR GRIVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. A), 17, Strand Green Road, London, N.



"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."

JUST add boiling water to Milkmaid Brand Café au Lait, and you have the true "Café au Lait" in perfection—fragrant and delicious. Simply the best freshly ground Coffee, finest dairy milk and refined sugar, expertly blended in exactly correct proportions. A teapenny tin makes 16 cups.

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
Kaffay-O-Lait

Of all Grocers and Stores in E.M. and Col. tin. Sample free on receipt of name and address of Grocer, and 2d. in postage to order postage. Try "Ideal Milk" Biscuits with a cup of Café au Lait—delicious companions. "MILKMAID BRAND," B. DEPOT, 68, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915.

A NEW ARISTOPHANES WANTED

OUR CARTOONIST fitly symbolises this morning the swift transition that has turned Bernhardt, and those Prussian war-blusterers who resemble him, from convinced eagles of power into downy doves of peace. The transition is, as you see, too sharp to bring conviction—too sudden and too sharp. People's memories are not so short as all that, and the Bernhardt of former days spoke far too openly, too cynically, for it now to be possible for him to transform and dilute his words. That was precisely his mistake. He was, unlike so many German writers, too intelligible.

Your true diplomatist will always make a point of never saying anything that will not, at need, bear a dual interpretation. He will provide little lurking-places in his speech. He will use that colourless wash of words, those verbal nullities, remarkable in the mouths of nearly all politicians. You could never pin Mr. Gladstone down to anything, for example—we take a dead instance as safer than a living—because he really never said anything definite. He foreshadowed possibilities. With sentence upon guarded sentence, he accumulated an array of chances. From this maze of blankness he could later extract a sense. Thus he made Time wait upon him and became a sort of prophet by prophesying everything and nothing at all.

Why did not Bernhardt, why did not Bethmann-Hollweg, learn the lesson?

Probably the tradition of a Bismarckian bluntness deceived them. Bismarck was a skilled diplomatist but he willingly overlaid his dodging purpose by a free manner in the expression of what, often enough, he didn't mean. He was an accomplished example, occasionally, of the *faux bonhomme*, and, on other occasions, of the brutal cynic. And he spoke of war as Bernhardt did—"leave them only eyes to weep with." But Bernhardt went farther. The war-mania which he became a fixed idea, delirium. It led him into threatening that very America whom now he cajoles, by telling her she must look to her armaments, or otherwise . . . Otherwise (the passage implied) those who made a business of war would beat her! Nobody noticed. War was then a possibility—the "next war." Now war has become this war, and Bernhardt has to explain. He does it very badly.

And the main reason he does it so badly is that now he is insincere, whereas then he meant what he said. The drilled Prussian mind, dull as its plains and ordered cities, has no pleasure in Peace, properly understood. They want war as a tonic to excite them. And indeed, extending this, we may say that in all countries there are people whom dull commercialised Peace bores, and who think that hideous irrational War is better. To these ought now to come a new Aristophanes, with sweet lyrics, showing the delights of the field and the fruits of earth—all ruined by war. But there is no Aristophanes in Germany, and, even if there were one, he would find it harder to show a dull industrialised Prussian how fair Peace is, than he found it to show her in her beauty of those days to the peasant Dicaopolis, to Trygæus, with his beetle, or to those angry women of *The Lysistrata* who forced the incompetent Athenians to give up the citadel to them. W. M.

THE BIRD IN SPRING.

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budding quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet.

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midstmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy.

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings:
The glory of the sun of things
Will flash along the chords and—

—TENNYSON.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Business-like Christie's.

I ARRIVED at Christie's just in time to hear the bidding for the Queen's fan on Tuesday afternoon. The glamour of romance seems rather dimly expressed in the octagonal-shaped apartment with its small rostrum on which stands a quiet, clean-shaven gentleman with quick eyes and a singularly unemotional method of murmuring the number of each "lot" as it is put up for sale.

The Queen's Fan.

HOWEVER, even he melted somewhat in his icy business-like method when he approached the subject of Lot 251, presented by her Majesty the Queen. Held high in the hands of an assistant, the royal gift, with its yellow

The Half-Sister.

I WENT to the Apollo Theatre last Monday evening, like most other regular "first nighters," and was told that Lady French was occupying a stage box with a party. I did not see her, however, as the lady who was supposed to be she sat well shrouded in the shadow of a curtain at the back of the box.

From "Alice."

MRS. AGNES CROYSDALE, the author of the new farce, "The Twin Sister," was, however, very much in view. She and her party occupied a double box to the left of the stage. She was wearing a pale pink chiffon gown with a big feather boa of the same colour about her shoulders. With her were two sweet little girls, both

WAR AND PEACE.

Problems of Domestic Life Raised by the National Struggle.

THE BRITISH HOME.

"W. M.'s" scepticism as to the existence of any such place as the British Home would not have been by any means justified a century ago. Then we were indeed the nation of the Home. We had both the word and the thing.

The fact that we still have the word, but that the thing is becoming rare, is due to our change from a country loving and living to a town-dwelling folk. This was the misfortune of the last century—the wrong turn that British economic life then took with such serious consequences to our national health.

COUNTRY DWELLER,
Near Guildford.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" AT THE FRONT.

I FEEL it a pleasing duty to thank *The Daily Mirror* proprietors, on behalf of my comrades and myself, for the never ceasing daily supply of your much esteemed journal.

I wish to convey to you how much we appreciate the patriotic spirit which inspired you to keep our troops at the front informed of the world's events. Your journal is indeed very popular, and has been the means of relieving the dull and cold monotony of "trench warfare."

I may mention that all sorts of papers are very welcome, but the "illustrated" ones take a pride of place, and this is why yours is so much sought after. I can safely say without bias to your contemporaries that *The Daily Mirror* is second to none.
(Cpl.) MICHAEL MADDEN,
British Expeditionary Force.

FOR THE BELGIAN REFUGEES.

SOME months back you kindly inserted a letter from me asking that clothing might be sent to the war refugees' camp at Earl's Court, among other places.

The letter met with immediate and most practical response from all sides, and some of the replies sent personally touched me very much in their simply worded compassion and generosity. But time passes and we, with our many anxieties and unwanted burdens, are apt to lose sight of one misery in trying to relieve another. These homeless people still come pouring in to be housed and fed in that wonderfully organised place, until they can be received in the country—always fresh bands of them, and always in want of clothing. I would beg anyone who can collect, or make, or personally spare more things to send, with as little delay as possible; plain, strong under-clothing for the women and children is the most urgently needed. Parcels would be thankfully received by Mrs. Turner, War Refugees' Camp, Women's Clothing Store, Earl's Court, S.W. MAY MORRIS.
Kelmcott Manor, Lechlade.

IN MY GARDEN.

April 14.—Potatoes will probably be much grown in small gardens this year, so a few hints may prove useful. A fairly light soil suits potatoes best, but heavy ground will produce a good crop if it is first well broken up.

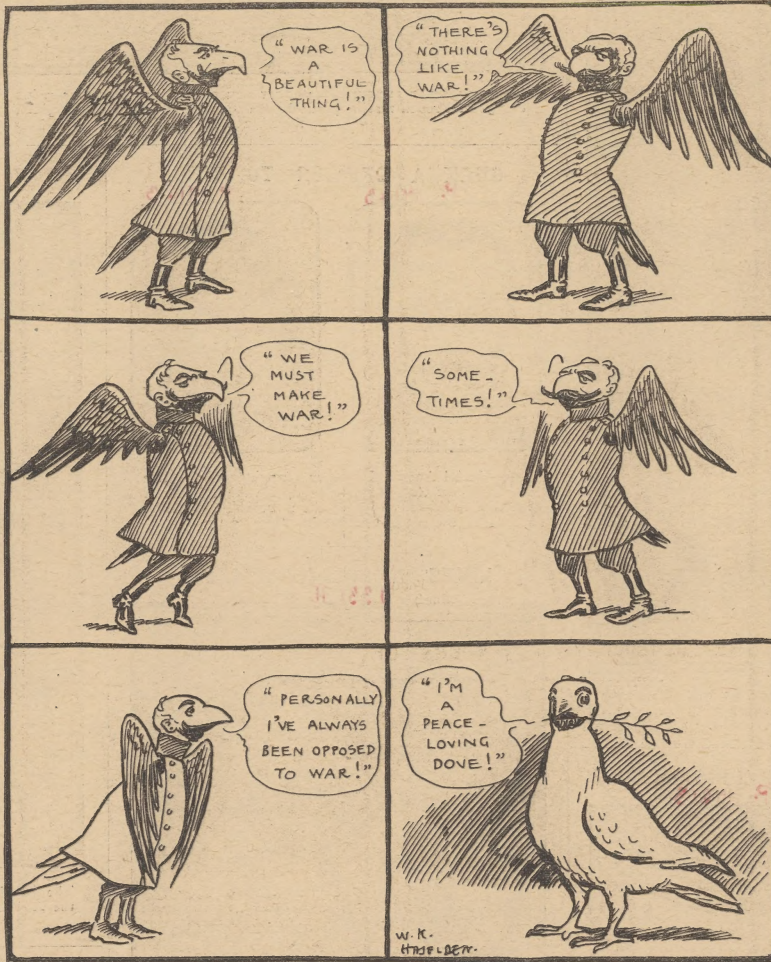
The sets may be planted now. Place them about twelve inches apart in rows two feet apart. Early varieties may be grown a little nearer and late sorts further apart. The depth to plant is about five inches.

When eight inches high earth the shoots up for the first time. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

By one keeping the heart free from slain, virtue and right and wrong are seen clearly as forms in a mirror.—Written on the back of a Japanese girl's mirror.

FROM EAGLE OF WAR TO DOVE OF PEACE.



Another change in another German war-bird! Blustering Bernhardt has been trying to convince America that when he said he wanted war he never really wanted it at all. He wasn't screeching. He was only cooing. Yet it sounded more like a screech!—(By Mr. W. K. Haseelden.)

tortoiseshell sticks and its body of long, shaded eagle's feathers, was eagerly bid for, the bidding starting with a preliminary dash of twenty guineas.

Twice Bought.

IT was finally "knocked down" to Mr. Bowring-Hanbury for 190 guineas, and then sold again at his request to a final purchaser at 140 guineas, thus making a pleasant total of 330 guineas for the fund.

Mr. Bowring-Hanbury.

MR. BOWRING-HANBURY made a picturesque figure as he stood near the auctioneer's rostrum. He is considerably over 6ft. in height, has silver-white hair and a heavy moustache and imperial. There was a round of applause when his bid for 190 guineas proved the highest for the royal gift.

Another Fan.

I SAW Mrs. Lewis Harcourt among the crowd of lookers-on; her Italian fan, with its pretty painted mount and sticks of gold and mother-of-pearl, was Lot 250, and therefore immediately preceded that of the Queen.

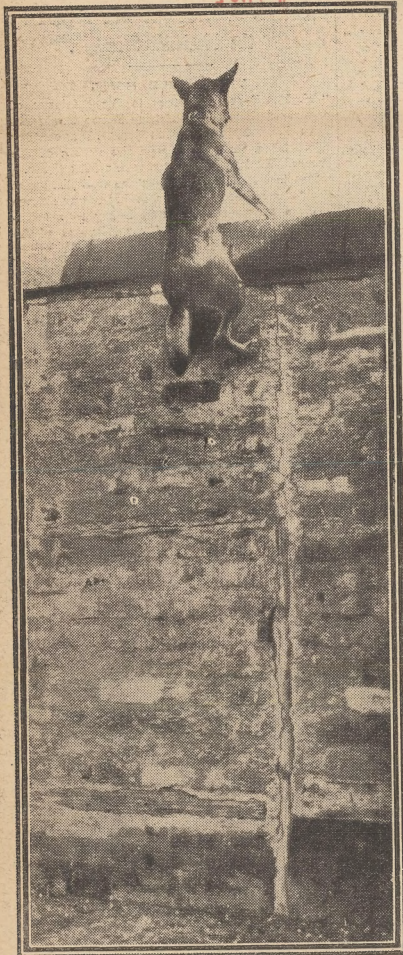
of whom reminded me of Sir John Tenniel's drawings of Alice in Wonderland. They were the most primly pretty and precise little girls possible, with perfect manners and small white-gloved hands that they clasped closely on the box ledge in front of them.

A Mrs. Kendal Story.

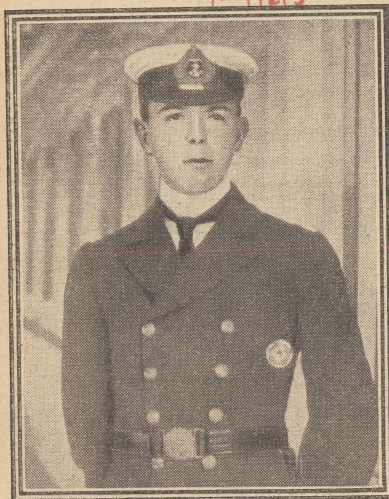
I SEE that Miss Vane Featherston is going to appear next week at the Comedy Theatre in "Wild Thyme." I saw her the other night with her once-brown hair now most becomingly grey, and I was reminded of an amusing story that she once told me which concerned herself and Mrs. Kendal.

Lessons in Spelling.

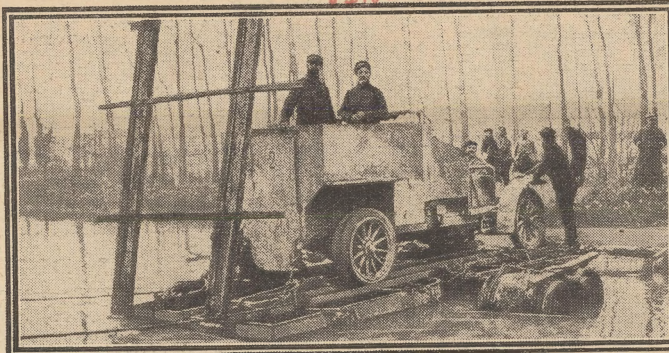
MISS FEATHERSTON had occasion to write to Mrs. Kendal in regard to some charitable performance she was arranging. She addressed her as "Dear Mrs. Kendal." The famous actress wrote back "Dear Miss Featherstone," and signed herself "Madge Kendal with only one l." Miss Featherston replied, "Dear Mrs. Kendal," and signed herself "Vane Featherston without any e." I always think of this lesson in spelling whenever I see Mrs. Kendal or Miss Featherston.

OVER QUITE EASILY
98419

French Red Cross dog takes a 6ft. wall without the slightest difficulty. It has heard a whistle, and is obeying the summons.

COMMANDER'S HEROISM.
P. 17213

Commander R. H. C. Verner, of H.M.S. Inflexible, who was mortally wounded during the operations in the Dardanelles. He continued to smoke a cigarette after his hand was shattered.

FRENCH MARINES ON THE YSER.
98703 H

Transporting an armoured motor-car across the River Yser on a raft. The vehicle is in charge of French marines, who have done splendid work in Belgium. The number of their brave deeds is legion.

GURKHA OFFICER TO WED.
P. 17143

Miss Muriel Angele Grantham, daughter of the late Rev. Herbert Grantham, and Captain Alan Dick, of the 10th Gurkhas, who are to be married in Burma at the end of the month.—(Swaine.)

LIKES A SOLDIER'S LIFE.
9391 H

British Territorials on the way to the front. The little French boy in the foreground has already been in the trenches and wants to return there. So he attached himself to our men.

BOMBARDED
P. 452 D

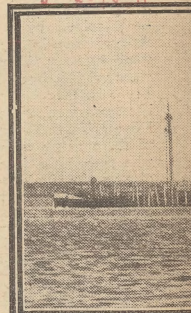
Commander Eric J. A. Fullerton, who was mentioned in Rear Admiral Hood's dispatch. He was in command of the monitors off the Belgian coast.—(Bassano.)

BOXING RING ON THE
9. 2075 H

The British soldier is a devotee of all kinds of sport, but boxing seen on the deck of a transport, and shows an exciting contest in progress. came

EARL'S ILLNESS.
P. 4549

Lieutenant Earl Poulett, who is lying ill in a Boulogne hospital. —(Lafayette.)

SINKING STEAM
9. 2075 H

The Norwegian steamer the Tyne. The vessel, it is said, has begun to

GERMANS.

P. 17212



Mr. A. M. Cherry, who command of the sloops which and the German positions in These vessels were engaged. (Barnett.)

CATAPULTS FOR BOMB THROWING.

P. 1723 E



Apparatus used by the French for hurling bombs into the enemy's trenches. These machines are quite simple contrivances, and are really only great catapults. They are, however, better than anything yet devised for the purpose.

A RECRUIT'S OATH

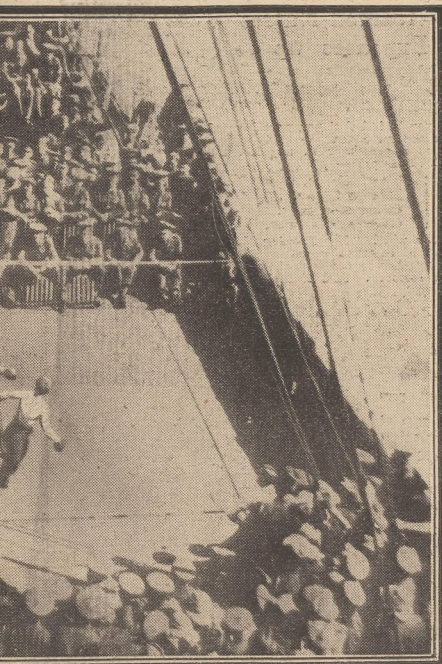
P. 1131



Every recruit must kiss the colour.

P. 1900 D

OF A TRANSPORT.



im more strongly than any other. This picture was taken on ward except those responsible for the navigation of the vessel

A WEEK-END MARRIAGE.

P. 17213

P. 17213



Mr. F. H. Godding and Miss Margaret C. Morten, who are to be married on Saturday at St. George's, Hanover-square. The Bishop of Hull is to perform the ceremony. (Swaine.)

CAT LIVES IN A TRENCH.

P. 11908 E



Cat which lives in the French trenches. When our Allies gain ground it follows later and takes up its quarters in the new position.



The two Queens in their carriage.

Queen Victoria of Spain and her mother-in-law, Queen Christina, watched the army recruits taking the oath of fidelity.

PROCESSION OF MOTORS.

P. 11914 D



Drawing a line of disabled motor-wagons to the repair depot at Tidworth. The particular kind of traction-engine used for this purpose is very powerful and fitted with special wheels.

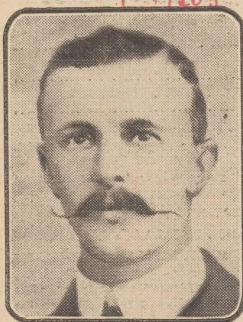
FOR PORT.



ll down, steaming up submerged object and mutually beached.

ELUDED PIRATE.

P. 17303



Captain H. Gibson, a Shields skipper, who defied a German submarine and escaped safely.

ETTY BRIDE

P. 17038



Dorothy Cartwright, who just been married to Lieut. Jeffrey Bethan, of the Sikhs.—(Claude Harris.)

CATAPULTS FOR BOMB THROWING

8423 E



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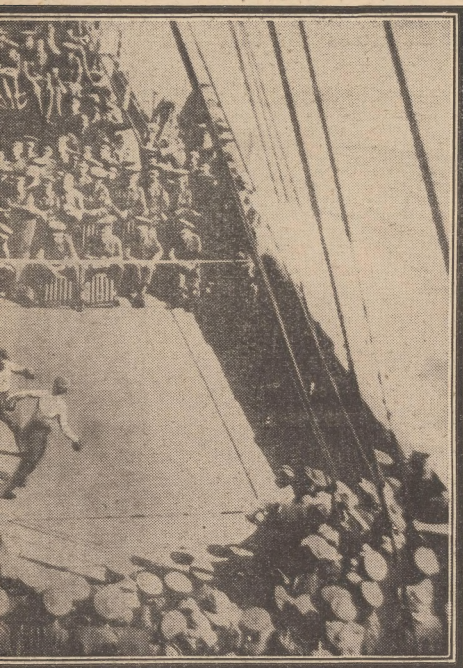
DESERTED MOTOR

84168



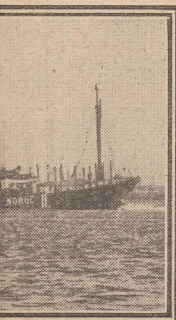
No trace can be found of the occupants of this car. It is seen smashed up and deserted in Kingston Vale, and looks as though it had been in a collision.

OF A TRANSPORT.



him more strongly than any other. This picture was taken on board except those responsible for the navigation of the vessel.

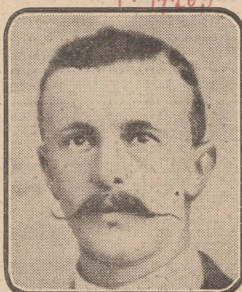
SH FOR PORT.



well down, steaming up a submerged object and eventually beached.

ELUDED PIRATE.

P. 17203



Captain H. Gibson, a Shields skipper, who tried to ram a German submarine. Though he failed to do this, he dodged a torpedo and got away safely.

A WEEK-END MARRIAGE.

P. 17213

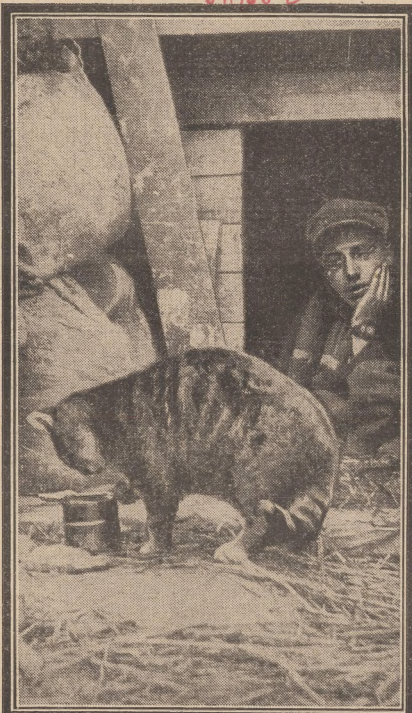
P. 17213



Mr. F. H. Godding and Miss Margaret C. Morten, who are to be married on Saturday at St. George's, Hanover-square. The Bishop of Hull is to perform the ceremony.—(Swaine.)

CAT LIVES IN A TRENCH.

811708 E



Cat which lives in the French trenches. When our Allies gain ground it follows later and takes up its quarters in the new position.

AN ANGLO-BELGIAN WEDDING.

P. 17212



Major F. V. A. Tombour, of the Belgian Army, and his bride (Miss Mary White), who has been a nursing sister at Calais. Miss Waite, another nurse, who has been decorated by King Albert, obtained special leave to attend the ceremony.

LIKES A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

8-331 E



British Territorials on the way to the front. The little French boy in the foreground has already been in the trenches and wants to return. So he attached himself to our men.

The Evening News

GREAT (LONDON)

FREE INSURANCE

SCHEME

£1,000 at Death

£500 for the loss of a limb, or the sight of an eye.
£2 a week for life in the event of permanent and total disablement,

£3 a week up to 12 weeks during temporary disablement (provided the reader is not otherwise insured against accidents), or, as an alternative, at the reader's choice:—

The Payment of All Doctor's Fees—Charges for Operations—Trained Nurses' Fees (when ordered by a Doctor), and Nursing Home Expenses up to **£30**

All the above benefits are offered as a free gift to regular readers of "The Evening News" (London), and they can be secured by simply filling in and posting the Registration Form which will be found below.

"The Evening News" (London) is the first evening newspaper to provide these invaluable safeguards for its readers.

The outstanding advantages of "The Evening News" Scheme are:—

1. The Benefits are on the most generous scale.
2. The qualifications which will secure them are the simplest possible.

£1,000

given by "The Evening News" would be a provision for those who might otherwise be unprotected.

Moreover, the important development in Newspaper Insurance in the form of a sum of money to defray the cost of an illness or operation up to £30, which may follow an accident, makes "The Evening News" Scheme unique.

Below will be found the full details of the conditions which must be observed, and they should be read carefully before filling in the appended form.

OUR FREE INSURANCE

The Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society Limited (Accident Branch).

Principal Offices:—St. Giles Street, Norwich and 50, Fleet Street, London, E.C.,

WILL PAY

(1) £1,000

to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of the Insurance Coupon if the holder shall be killed, by an accident within the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, or Isle of Man, by any Railway Passenger Train or Passenger Steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger, or to any public Omnibus, Tramway-car, Cab, or Carrier's Cart, which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger, or

(2) £500

to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal but cause the loss of one limb above the wrist or ankle, or the loss of the sight of one eye

(3) A PENSION OF £2 PER WEEK

to the holder should such accident as above defined render the holder permanently and totally unable to do any work

(4) DOCTORS' FEES, SURGEONS' FEES, HOSPITAL OR NURSING HOME CHARGES (up to £30) for any one accident incurred in respect of injuries to the holder caused by such accident as above defined not resulting in loss of life, limb, or sight.

Or, alternatively, at the choice of the insured,
(5) AN ALLOWANCE OF £3 PER WEEK for a period not exceeding twelve weeks should such accident as above defined render the holder temporarily and totally unable to follow his or her usual vocation, provided that the holder is not otherwise insured against accident.

PROVIDED THAT

the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz:—

(a) That such death or loss result within thirty days after the accident.

(b) That no payment for permanent and total disablement shall be made until such disablement shall have lasted continuously for

six months from the date of the accident, and such payments shall start from and after the expiry of such six months.

(c) In the event of any dispute between the holder and the Society as to whether such disablement is permanent and total, it is agreed that such dispute shall be referred to the decision of a medical referee to be nominated by "The Evening News," whose decision shall be binding upon the parties.

(d) That notice in case of injury or death be given to the Society at its London Office within fourteen days after the accident.

(e) That the full benefits of this insurance are payable only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age. For persons of seventy years of age and over the following benefits will be payable: (1) Nil, (2) £200, (3) A pension of £1 per week, (4) Full benefit as above.

(f) That any benefit under (4) shall be subject to satisfactory proof that all bills, fees, or charges shall have been necessarily incurred by the holder in the proper treatment of such injury under the direction of a qualified doctor or surgeon.

(g) That with respect to any benefit under (4) the Society shall have the option of paying such bills, fees, or charges either direct or to the holder against receipted accounts.

(h) That this insurance is limited to one insurance Coupon associated with this publication for any one holder.

(i) That the holder be a reader of "The Evening News," who has given a written undertaking to purchase daily "The Evening News" during the period of this insurance and has received from the Proprietors of "The Evening News" an acknowledgment of his undertaking and has duly carried out such undertaking.

(j) That this insurance shall hold good during the currency of the said written undertakings, but not beyond noon on March 9th, 1916.

(k) That no compensation shall be payable under this insurance for any accident fatal or otherwise due to or arising out of, or consequent upon war or invasion.

Think what it would mean to you to feel that you were insured under this Scheme should you have the misfortune to meet with a serious accident when travelling as a passenger in any licensed vehicle plying for public hire, as, for example:—

**Railway Trains,
 Passenger Steamers,
 Motor Omnibuses,
 Tramway Carts,**

**Taxi Cabs,
 Horse Cabs,
 Char-a-bancs,
 Carriers' Carts.**

The generous money compensation which "The Evening News" (London) Scheme provides would be of inestimable value; for the expense of a serious illness, as the result of an accident of this kind, is a contingency which cannot be foreseen. And if the accident should prove fatal the

Fill In & Post This Form TO-DAY

OUR REGISTRATION FORM.

I,, hereby declare that I am a daily purchaser of "The Evening News," which I generally purchase at

and that I am anxious to be registered for benefits under your Free Insurance Scheme.

Signed

Address

Date D.M.I.

Fill up this Form (writing as clearly as possible), cut it out and post it to—

"EVENING NEWS."

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,

CARMELITE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

You must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for "The Evening News" Guarantee of Registration. When the Guarantee reaches you your insurance is complete, and you are entitled to full benefits. There is nothing more to do.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is an accident in his club-room. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little domestic incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to fight in the trenches when he's got an anchor at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions for a moment.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's room he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton discovers from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi-cab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought more and more home to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—and as the train moves out she faints.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the stunning news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from him, but he cannot. He imagines that she is falling like rain, he sees a wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Carter, his old valet. He just reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

London is in a state of excitement. The news that Chatterton has been killed. The same morning Sonia and Lady Merriam read in another paper that Richard was killed by the V.C. Later they also read that he has died.

Montague insults Chatterton's memory, and Sonia, realising that she cannot possibly give him, runs away. She has barely gone when Jardine bursts in with the great news that Chatterton is still after all.

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague when the latter is told about Sonia running away. He is more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

"JUST A CHILD."

"MONTAGUE looked as if I had struck him a knock-out blow," old Jardine told Lady Merriam afterwards, a trifle ruefully.

"He made me feel, just at first, as if I'd stabbed him in the dark, as it were; 'pon my word, I felt ashamed of myself till he recovered, and then... well! I'm trying to forget now that I ever hit the man!"

"He cursed me up hill and down dale; there was something fiendish in the whole appearance of him... Oh, yes, I've no doubt he was very fond of Sonia, but it's quite possible to be fond of a woman and still behave like a man instead of a beast. He said he'd make her pay for having thrown him over, if it took him a lifetime; he said he'd get even with Richard; he said... oh, he said a lot of tomfool rot that I didn't pay any attention to; but the fact remains that he can be quite a nasty enemy; I shall put Dick on his guard."

There is a wise old saying about never counting one's chickens before they are hatched. As said Lady Merriam mildly. "You talk as if Sonia and Richard were married, whereas Sonia is—goodness knows where! and Richard still undecided whether to live or die... My good man, you run away with yourself."

Old Jardine twinkled.

"That's a pity," he said wickedly. "Seeing that I would so much rather run away with you. However!" He cleared his throat and looked at her covertly.

He had come straight on to see her after leaving Montague; it was getting late; the hands of

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

the clock on the shelf pointed to half-past eleven; Lady Merriam heard it strike with a little thrill of anxiety.

"If I only knew where that child has got to," she said. There was a worried line between her kindly eyes. "Sonia has never been used to knocking about by herself; anything might happen to her."

"But nothing will," said old Jardine soothingly. "This is just where everything begins to go right, you mark my words."

"You're always so optimistic," she declared. But she liked him for it; optimism is a wonderful gift, and most infectious.

"I shan't sleep a wink for wondering what has become of her, she declared obstinately; but as soon as her head touched the pillows she fell asleep. Old Jardine's confidence of Sonia's safety had communicated itself to her; her last waking thought was that he was a wonderful man! So reliable! A very wonderful man!

But had they known the truth about Sonia they might have felt greater anxiety, although the girl was still but a few streets away from them.

From the moment when she found herself alone at Victoria everything became like a bewitching dream to Sonia.

The noise and bustle and crowds of hurrying people confused her; she stood for a moment clutching her dressing-case, looking after the departing train with wistful eyes.

The driver had been a friendly soul, which was no doubt due to the fact that he had received double his fare from this pretty young lady with the anxious eyes; he had wished her a civil good evening, and he started up his engine and moved off. In Sonia's loneliness he seemed like the last friend left to her...

When he had quite disappeared amongst the crowd of other vehicles that filled the wide yard, she turned and walked into the station.

A porter asked if she had any luggage, but she shook her head and hurried by; to her nervous embarrassment everyone who passed seemed to be staring at her; she took refuge in the waiting-room.

She had not the least idea where she was going; it was beginning to dawn upon her now that she had behaved rather foolishly. She might have gone to a friend's; she might even have taken rooms at another hotel; but this wild-goose chase off to Victoria, with no remote idea of a destination...

"You're just a child," in spite of your independence, you know—"

The words came to her mind with vague inconsequence; it was as if some well-loved voice had whispered them at her heart. Richard had spoken them to her once—months ago, in the very earliest days of their engagement.

He had always treated her as a child. It was possible that then the fact had angered her and made her resentful.

What would she not give now for the comfort of his presence and the strong protection of his arm?

Dead! The word echoed hollowly through her quivering heart; it seemed like a curt voice dispelling her momentary longing.

She looked round the other people in the room; they were a couple of Belgian women—refugees—with pale, hopeless faces and eyes that seemed to have lost all expression.

They were sitting together, holding hands and staring before them, vacantly.

An Englishwoman with a kind, carefree face went up and spoke to them, but they did not understand and only shook their heads.

On the seat next to them was a young woman in widow's weeds, with a child asleep in her arms.

There was so much sorrow in the world. Each of these women could have told of a tragedy that had blasted their lives and broken their hearts.

Sonia looked at them all with a sort of wonderment.

It was marvellous how people went on living in spite of everything, she thought; marvellous that poor human nature could stand so much.

She roused herself from her dreaming and remembered that she had yet to decide upon some plan for the night. She tried to think of a place down the line to which she might go; she knew she would feel happier and safer out of London.

For the first time since she left the hotel she thought of Francis, and a little quail shook her.

She wanted to be sorry for him, but the hardness that had grown round his small share of her heart ever since the afternoon when he had sneered at Richard Chatterton would not permit it.

Once she had been fond of him—or believed that she was; once she had imagined him strong and kind and faithful—the sort of man who would make a woman happy and see that the path of her life ran between flower borders, with soft turf for her feet.

Now—now she knew that she would rather be neglected by Richard Chatterton than loved by this other man.

Richard! Richard! Richard! How his name seemed to be echoing always in her heart and brain! How blind she must have been to never realise fully realised how well she loved him until now, when all her most passionate loving could not reach him!

Burning tears started to her eyes, and she brushed them shamefully away. She started to her feet and went out again into the crowded hall.

She dared not think—the old, treacherous cowardice came over her again, as she allowed her thoughts to wander; she must keep on—keep moving; tire herself out.

She felt very tired; the light suitcase was beginning to feel absurdly heavy. She set it down by the book-stall and glanced idly at the papers and magazines. Everywhere pictures of the war met her eyes. A field battery in action—a wounded soldier... Red Cross men searching a battlefield by lantern light... She bit her lip hard and turned her eyes away.

Was that how they found Richard?—found him and carried him in? Would she ever know?—would they ever hear anything of those last hours of his life?

SONIA HEARS.

A COUPLE of girls brushed against her as she was moving away. They were talking together excitedly. One threw her an absent apology before she went on breathlessly.

"No. 6 platform, the porter said. Oh, do let's hurry, or we shan't see them..." Her eyes met the question in Sonia's.

"Soldiers back from the front—wounded," she explained with the volubility of the cockney. "All those nurses and ambulance people are here to meet the train."

Sonia had not noticed the nurses and ambulance men; but she saw them now, following the direction indicated by the girl. They were standing in groups, waiting to receive the trainload of wounded from the fields of France.

Sonia's interest was arrested; she, too, would wait and see these men... these battered heroes who had been restored to the arms of

those who loved them. She followed in the wake of the two girls and found herself in a crowd held back by the police.

Everybody was excited and enthusiastic; one or two irrepressible spirits were wearing small flags in their coats; many of the women were laden with chocolate and cigarettes.

Sonia stood amongst them, silent and sad. A man close to her was talking to a companion, in hard, bitter tones.

"... Blinded, he was, poor lad!... and not to fair fight either!"

Sonia looked at him; he was an unromantic sort of person, with a ragged red moustache, but there was a depth of emotion in his harsh voice that attracted her sympathies.

Blind! She knew that he must be talking of one of the khaki heroes; she wondered how she would have felt had Richard come home like that to her!

The man went on vehemently:

"I'd rather they'd killed him right out and done with it..."

Sonia looked at him pitingly; he did not know what he was saying, she thought... if they had only given her the choice; if only she might have had Richard back, blind—crippled! anything rather than this awful finality and silence of death.

"Stand back, there—stand back!"

A stalwart custodian of the law came along, forcing back the eager crowd; Sonia was crushed in amongst them; she felt a little faint and nervous; she was turning back to the shelter of the moustache to let her pass out.

He good-naturedly made a passage for her; she was relieved to find herself in an open space again; but she felt a little shaken and weak; she was turning back to the shelter of the waiting-room when a girl running from the entrance of one of the passages leading from the station nearly collided with her.

She pulled up, with a little laugh and apology, then stopped, smiling, and holding out her hand.

"Miss Markham!"

It was little Nurse Anderson. Sonia flushed crimson; but the warm colour soon died away, leaving her very pale; it was

Continued on page 11.

Most of life's mistakes are made when one's health is "out of step."

A false decision, a hasty word, a moment's impatience... and things "are never the same again."

All because your brain and nerves, and outlook on life, were poisoned for an hour or two,—by the wastes lingering in your blood stream.

That day—(perhaps as the after result of ordinary pills)—your routine of daily health was "out of step."

Look back on such turning points

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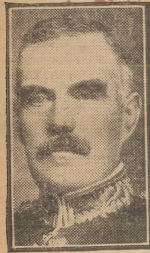
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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Sir William Robertson.

tell you about concerning Neuve Chapelle may retire hurt once more.

Sir William Robertson.

Sir John French, I see, picks out Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff, for special mention in his dispatch. Sir William Robertson, you will remember, succeeded Sir Archibald Murray in this capacity at the beginning of the year. Sir William joined the Army as a trooper in the 16th Lancers.

Not Unlike Sir Hector Macdonald.

He is a man of exceptional ability, with a knowledge of Indian dialects almost unique in the Army. As you may notice from his photograph at the head of this column, he bears some considerable resemblance to another very distinguished general officer who once served in the ranks, the late Sir Hector Macdonald. His rise has been swift, for when the South African War began Sir William was only a captain.

The Makers of Martin Ware.

I only heard yesterday that Mr. E. B. Martin, one of the four famous Martin brothers, the potters, of Southall, died recently. Only one brother of this talented quartet now survives. The story of these four brothers and their work reads more like romance than commercial truth. Every piece of the famous Martin ware that their little pottery produced was unique. No design was ever reproduced.

Each Did His Own Work.

Every piece was made entirely by the brothers. They blended the clay themselves, one potted it, another carved the designs, another painted the decorations. Even the glazing, firing and cooling were carried out by themselves. Each brother carried out his definite part of the work, and the result was a small but distinctive output of pottery that will always maintain a place in the china collectors' cabinets.

The Cinema Danger.

A friend of mine who has shipping interests has just returned from one of our great ports with a strong prejudice against cinema theatres. He declares that their fascination for some of the workers is more wasteful of actual working time than the alleged drinking habits of the men.

Dockers at the "Movies."

After a vain attempt to speed up the departure of a ship in which he was interested, he followed the advice of one of his colleagues and paid a visit to a neighbouring cinema show. Although it was the middle of the afternoon, the cheaper seats were crowded with men, most of them in their working clothes. And there they stayed through the priceless hours of daylight.

The Trip-Up Doors.

Do you like the curious swivel-trip-up sort of doors which all the big hotels and restaurants have now to keep out the draughts? I don't. The other day I saw Miss Mary Moore quietly entering the Savoy. She paused and watched the wondrous whirl of the swivel door, and then turned plaintively to an attendant. "How do I get in?" she asked in despairing tones.

The New Criticism.

Musical criticism in the Western States of America is evidently a free, untrammelled thing. This is how an inspired local critic, in a paper I saw yesterday, dealt with a local "star." "Her voice was a cross between a cyclone and the screech of a locomotive under full steam. It trembled away in catlike cadences, and rose again like the wail of a hound in distress. Again it rose in mellow tones not unlike the wind dallying over the mouth of an empty jug. Stopping only long enough to take breath, she rose slowly to her tiptoes, and, with gyrating arms and heaving chest, gave a fair imitation of the roar that foretells a Dakota blizzard."

Poor Cubist.

They are telling a story of the sad fate that overtook a cubist painter near a Rhine fortress. He was making a beautiful super-futurist portrait of a peasant girl when a patrol found him, and they thought his picture was a plan of the neighbouring fortress, so they shot him.

Wives Who Fight.

Certainly the wives of our admirals and generals are doing their share of war work at home. Hardly a day passes but we see some famous name in the papers and find that the owner is the wife of one of our leaders at the front. Olive Smith-Dorrien was the name that caught my eye yesterday.

In Command.

Lady Smith-Dorrien is leading an expeditionary force of her own to capture supplies of canvas bags in which to keep the belongings of wounded soldiers who are in hospital. But she is used to commanding. There is a tale they tell of her all over India how a



Lady Smith-Dorrien.

patronising lady at Quetta who, not recognising her, asked her somewhat frigidly, "I suppose you hold some sort of official position here?" received the smiling reply: "Oh, yes, you see I am in command of the commanding officer."

"Push and Go."

I hinted the other day that we should shortly see Miss Shirley Kellogg back on the London stage. Now it is announced that she will make her return at the London Hippodrome in an entirely new revue called "Push and Go." The Hippodrome people are following the phases of the war in their revues.

A Trilogy?

They started with "Business as Usual" when the phrase was the watchword of England at the beginning of hostilities. They have followed this with "Push and Go," the watchword of the moment. I hope they will finish a trilogy of revues with "Hullo Victory!"

Miss Harraden On Our Women.

The Editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* tells me that he has another fine array of special articles for his next issue, chief among which is a remarkable tribute to the women of this country by Miss Beatrice Harraden called "The Women Are Splendid." So is Miss Harraden's article, if I may say so. I have read it, and it is splendid. No. 6 of the *Sunday Pictorial* looks like being the best of all.

New Jockey Club Steward.

Sir John Thursby, who acted as Steward of the Jockey Club at Newmarket for the first



Sir John Thursby.

time this week, is one of the most popular men now racing. Probably few owners of Derby favourites have received so much genuine sympathy as he did when Kennymore failed to win the big race last year.

A Chess Enthusiast.

The new Jockey Club Steward has a number of amusements beside racing. Among them is chess—if that can really be called an amusement.

Sir John is over 6ft. high, and the bulk of his large income is derived from coal.

A General Pau Story.

When General Pau, who has just returned to Paris from a visit to Athens, Rome and Warsaw, arrived at Nice he was accosted at the station by the Abbé Crépeaux, of Notre Dame de Nice, so my Paris Gossip writes. The abbé was a former comrade of the general at the Military Academy of La Flèche.

The Two Pipes.

When the two old friends met they embraced affectionately, and the abbé asked: "Have you still got your pipe?" For answer the one-armed general produced from his pocket a fine old meerschaum, beautifully coloured. "And you?" The "curé" immediately pulled out a similar pipe, to the amusement of everyone present.

Making the Best of It.

Evidently our cheery lads of the Royal Naval Division who are interned at Groningen, in Holland, are making the best of things. A correspondent has just sent me a programme of a concert held at the "Timbertown Empire, Groningen." Timbertown, I take it, is the internment camp.

"The Guard House Hotel."

Anyhow, the programme is full of fun and humour. From it I learn that "at 7 p.m. precisely Fred Penley presents 'The Follies,' and the Follies (Timbertown variety) seem to have presented a very amusing show. But the advertisements are the funny part of the programme. Take the one of 'The Guard House Hotel,' for instance. Says the advertisement: "Spend your holidays here. Low terms. Low diet. No stairs. No gratuities. . . . A home from home." Are they downhearted?

A Parson on the Halls.

I was gossiping to you yesterday about the Rev. A. J. Waldron. He is running down to Bath to-day to appear at the Palace Music-Hall there, where he will deliver a recruiting speech. A parson as a "turn" at a variety house is something of a novelty.

A Good Start.

A distinguished dramatic career is promised for Miss Nora Balfour, the young student of the Academy of Dramatic Art, who has just entered into a contract to act as understudy to Miss Isobel Elsom in "The Man Who Stayed at Home" at the Royalty Theatre. Miss Balfour had a brilliant career as a student.

Miss Nora Balfour.

Take All the Prizes.

This year she took Sir Herbert Tree's prize for the most promising Shakespearean student, Miss Irene Vanbrugh's prize for French and Sir Squire Bancroft's gold medal for the best dramatic performance at the public show which was given by the students at Wyndham's Theatre last month. This is a first-rate record. Good luck, Miss Balfour!

Our Army Loves Initials.

Has it ever struck you how much they love initials in the Army? Initials are officially recognised, and are invariably used in all communications. To refer to the C.O. (commanding officer) or to the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. (deputy-assistant-adjudant and quartermaster-general, who is an important person with an insatiable appetite for "returns in writing" on the staff of every divisional headquarters) is the right thing to do. And the War Office always refers to Sir John French in its communications as the G.O.C.-in-C-in-the-F. (General Officer Commanding-in-Chief-in-the-Field).

But Not the Navy's Way.

The Navy doesn't seem to love initials in the same way, but why Sir John Jellicoe is not known as the A.C.-in-C.-on-the-H.S. (Admiral Commanding-in-Chief-on-the-High-Seas) I don't know.

THE RAMBLER.

No more Facial Eczema

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Are you suffering from eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, there is only one thing in the world you want to know—how to get rid of your trouble so completely that it will never again return. To do this you must use Antexema. In tens of thousands of cases Antexema has cured after all other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had absolutely failed. To convince you of the extraordinary value of Antexema as a skin remedy we offer a Free Trial bottle, knowing that, having once used it, you will recognise it is one of the greatest discoveries of medical science.

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WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Don't Like Man of Iron.

People living in Bismarck-road, Highgate, are petitioning for a change in the name of that road.

Fifteen Killed by Explosion.

Fifteen persons have been killed as the result of an explosion in an illicit alcohol factory in the Volkova suburb, says a Reuter Petrograd message.

White Kerbs to Relieve Darkness.

Experiments with washing of kerbs having proved useful, the Commissioner of Police is asking all London local authorities to whiten the kerbs during the present reduction of street lighting.

His Ashes To Be Thrown Into Sea.

That his remains were to be cremated, the ashes put into an urn and then dropped over Hunter's Quay Pier by the nearest living relative, was the wish expressed in his will by Mr. George Clifford Dixon, of Glasgow.

Danish Steamer Detained.

The Danish steamer Gunhild has been detained at Grimsby, having been brought from Immingham, where she called for coal.

Dublin's Women Patrols.

Twenty patrols of women go out on the principal Dublin streets every night between nine and eleven o'clock to protect women and children.

Traders from the Trenches.

To prevent the entire loss of trade with Scandinavia German authorities have given a fortnight's leave from the trenches to a large number of commercial travellers, says Reuter.

£1,000 for Old Marriage Registers.

A reward of £1,000 is provisionally offered for the recovery of the registers of marriage or proclamations of marriage in the parish of Cawdor, Nairnshire, between 1779-83. It is understood they are wanted in connection with the settlement of a local estate of large amount.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 9.)

an effort to force herself to speak. She was remembering how many times she had seen this girl with Richard; remembering that last night at Waterloo.

Try as she would, she could not make her voice friendly.

You are here to meet the troop train, of course," she said constrainedly. "I wanted to wait too, but the crowd is so great."

Little Nurse Anderson looked round her with sympathetic eyes.

"The people are here every night," she said. "They stand waiting just to give the men a cheer; I think it's so fine of them."

She looked up at Sonia, flushing a little.

"Oh, Miss Markham, isn't it just splendid about Mr. Chatterton?"

Sonia went white to the lips; a bitter flash of resentment thrilled her heart; how dared this girl speak of Richard to her? How dared she

DON'T MISS No. 6 of the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

The Best Sunday Picture Newspaper

speak of him with that pride in her voice? For the moment she could not force herself to answer.

But Nurse Anderson seemed quite unconscious of the emotion her words had raised in Sonia; she went on with simple pleasure:

"I always knew he'd do something wonderful, we're all so proud of him; we've planned a most wonderful reception for him when he comes home."

Sonia cried out then; cried out wildly as if some sharp pain had stabbed her heart.

"When he comes home? But he never will come home! Oh, it was cruel of you to say that... when he is dead—when you must know that he is dead..."

A sort of shocked look filled Nurse Anderson's eyes; it had never occurred to her for an instant that Sonia had not heard of the contradiction of the news that had at first nearly broken her own heart.

"I thought you knew," she said quickly. "I am so sorry, but I was quite sure you would know. It was all a mistake—that report of his death; we heard this morning he is alive, and in a French hospital..."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

In the First League yesterday Bolton Wanderers beat Chelsea at Bolton by 3 to 1, and Everton beat Bradford by 2 to 1 at Bradford, and Huddersley beat Newcastle United by 2 to 1 at Newcastle. In the Second League Blackpool, playing at home, beat Birmingham by 3 to 1.

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Society Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

SHE TELLS HOW SHE DID IT.

A well-known society lady, who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process, made the following statement:—"Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—(Adv't.)

NEWMARKET RACING.

The weather was delightfully fine at Newmarket yesterday and there was a capital attendance. Sport, on the whole, was fairly good, but fields in some of the races were rather small for Newmarket. The most interesting race on the card, the Babraham Plate, attracted nine runners, and there was some spirited wagering. The Forest and Hey Diddle-Diddle at 9 to 2 and Cylene More and Carancho at 5's were in chief demand, and there was also money for Knight's Key and Naughty Girl. The Pet led from Hey Diddle-Diddle and Carancho to the Bushes, where the last-named took up the running, and won comfortably by a couple of lengths from Knight's Key, which had also passed The Pet. Naughty Girl ran well and finished fourth, but The Forest was never conspicuous, and Hey Diddle-Diddle failed to stay.

The Column Produce Stakes provided a surprise. Manxman was backed like a certainty, but was beaten in hollow style by Gadabout (the Gadfly gelding), belonging to Sir F. Cassel.

Some of the best three-year-olds in training may be seen out in Lane Craven Stakes to-day. My selections for the afternoon's sport are appended:—

1. 0-MERRY MABEL. 2.50-POMMERN.

1.30-MARKET. 2.50-POMMERN.

2.0-MUSK. 3.50-TROUBADOUR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

MARKET & POMMERN.

BOUVIERE.

NEWMARKET RACING RESULTS.

2.00-SALE STAKES. 1m.—NANETTE (2-7, Doneghu). 1; Sir George (5-1); 2; Landwehr (10-1); 3. Also ran: Everton (10-1).

2.30-SALE PLATE. 5f.—JACQUETTE (7-2, Robbins); 1; Rappellion (5-1); 2; Babara colt (4-1); 3. Also ran: Capstone (4-1), Brazilian Earl, Englebert, Glycolak, Darius, Cecilia, F. Fiddle, Hackle, and Jollibar (10-8).

3.0-COLUMN PRODUCE STAKES. 1m.—GADABOUT (10-1), Lancaster; 1; Manxman (11-10); 2; Allegro (100-30); 3. Also ran: Purdy (10-1), Leone, Birdhope, Isaban, and White Surrey (100-8).

4.0-BABRAHAM PLATE. 5f.—CARANCHO (5-1, Foy); 1; Knight's Key (8-1); 2; The Pet (100-7); 3. Also ran: The Forest, Hey Diddle Diddle (9-2), Cylene More (5-1), Naughty Girl (10-1), Brotherton, Denborough, and The Pet (100-7).

4.0-THREE-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE. 6f.—LEAGUE OF MERCY (4-1, Taylor); 1; Sea Voyage (100-7); 2; Golano (5-1) and Coronet (100-7); 3. Also ran: Royal Hall (4-1), King's Year (6-1), Kim III. (7-1), Romanace (10-1), Dal, Fairbridge, Jabonah, Newcomb, Green, Old Blue, Prime Minister, Rocket, and Guess (100-7).

4.50-WOOD DITTON STAKES. 1m.—MY RONALD (4-1, Foy); 1; Brown Ronald (15-1); 2; Velour (8-1); 3. Also ran: Aquilla (5-1), Hoki, Golden Valley, Squire Bruce, Prince Rufus, Whitehaven, Amain and Hastia (100-8).

5.0-GRANBY PLATE. 5f.—DRYAM (5-1, Deacon); 1; Palace (5-1); 2; Marica (100-6); 3. Also ran: Principal Girl (7-4), Milly's Troth (5-1), Ravenspur, Fearless Mac, Geraldine, Knight of Dames, Royal Balm, Grivous and Lauda (100-8).

WINNERS AND PRICES AT CHELTENHAM.

Race.	Winner.	Price.
Southern Plate	Perian Chief	6-1
Bored Spring Chase	Red Chamois	5-1
Stayers' Hurdle	Kitch	6-1
Remedy Chase	Pertinax	7-1
County Chase	Scarbale	5-1
Four-Year-Old Hurdle	Prickly Heat	6-1

At the London Athletic Club's annual public schools' meeting at Stamford Bridge last evening, the most successful athlete was E. Fisher, Emmanuel School, who won the hurdle challenge cup, the long jump challenge cup, tied with J. G. Bennett for the high jump challenge cup, an down the junior high jump. E. W. Wheller, Latimer School, won the half mile in 2m. 5.2.5., the quarter mile in 53.4.5., and finished second in the steeplechase.

WHAT THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs, who, having tried advertised flesh-marks, food fads, physical culture stunts and rubber creases, resign themselves to life-long skinniness, and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently-discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six months' giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, palatable and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated food to the blood. No food or medicine is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional facts that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol, and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitaliser, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.—(Adv't.)



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ADELPHI. Strand. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Revival, "VERONIQUE." Comic Opera. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 8.2.

BOX OFFICE. 10.10. MATINEE. WEDS. and SATS., at 4.45.

AMBASSADORS. "ODDS AND ENDS." Revue, by Harry Grattan, at 9.10. Viola Tves in "Dinner for Eight."

E. F. Benson. 8.30. Matinee, To-day and Sat., at 2.50.

APOLLO. at 8. "THE HALF-STARVED MAN." By George GARRICK (Ger. 9539).

CRITERION. Ger. 3544. Reg. 3565.

THREE SPOONFULS. Last 2 Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 3. Packed 2.30 and 2.50 by The Artists (Entertainers).

DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. At 7.30. MARIE ILLINGTON, C. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. MATINEE. WEDS. and SATS., at 4.45.

Box-office. Ger. 2598. Special prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

DUKE OF YORK. To-day and Sat., at 2.50 and 9. Charles Frohman presents MILE GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded, at 2.30 and 6.15, by THE NEW WORLD. Both plays by J. M. BARREIE. Matinees, To-day and Every Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

GARRICK (Ger. 9539). YVONNE ANNAUD. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

THE GIRL. Last 2 Matinees, Wed. and Thurs., Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEG O' MY HEART." Special Matinee To-day (Thurs.), at 2.50.

HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT." Special Matinee To-day (Thurs.), at 2.50.

ALLAN AYNSWORTH. ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats., To-day and Sat. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.

HIS MAJESTY. To-day and Every Day, at 8. DAVID COPPERFIELD. (Last Week).

MATINEES. To-day and Every Day, at 2. TONIGHT and SATURDAY EVENING, at 8.

HIS MAJESTY'S. HOLIDAY NEXT. Will be revived (for two weeks only) CHARLES CLIFFE'S OLIVER TWIST. HERBERT TREE. CONSTANCE COLLIER. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

KINGSWAY. TONIGHT, at 8. ADVERTISEMENT. A Play by B. Macdonald Hastings. Mats., Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Gerr. 4032.

LITTLE (City 4927). TONIGHT, at 9. THE BLOW. 8.30. "As Others See Us." Matinees, Weds., Sats., 2.30.

LYRIC. At 8 (Last 3 Nights). FLORODORA. EVIE GREENE. La Dolore. Mats., Saturday, 2.30.

TRANSFERRED TO ALDWYCH THEATRE. MONDAY. ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. DENNIS EADIE. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIP GEORGE ALEXANDER. TONIGHT, 8.30. THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH, a New Play, by J. Hartley Manners. Mats., Weds., Sats., at 2.50.

Friday Evening. "Wires." "Eurasian, London, etc."

SAVOY. TONIGHT, at 8.45. M. H. B. IRVING in "SEACOLLIGHTS." At 8.15, The Plumbers. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2602.

SCALA. KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including The East Coast Air Raid, Sinking of the "Blucher," Fall of the North Sea Battles, Italian Army, etc.

SHAFTESBURY. TONIGHT, at 8. MADAME BUTTERFLY. Friday Evening. JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. At 8.15, Matinee, Sat., 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 5550.

VAUDEVILLE. IRIS HOEY. At 8.15, Musical Milestones. Mats., Weds., Sats., 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. "5064 Gerrard!" New Revue. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Mats., Sats., 2.30.

HIPPONDOME. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UENY MORE, WINIFRED ELLEN, etc.

AMPHIBIOUS THEATRE. VIVIAN FORTY, HENRY LEON. PALACE. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915." At 8.35, with LILLIAN, JANE HARRIS, and HARRY HALLAM. NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, etc.

PALLADIUM. Matinees, Mon. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. CELESTINE. HULLUP! EVERYBODY, CLAIRICE MAYNE and "THAT." Madie Scott, Rameses, Whit Goulfe, Ten-Ka Troupe.

MASKELINE and DEVAITS MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, 2.30 and 8. HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. "The Curious Case," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (1545 Mayfair.)

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P. 17212



Lieutenant Kenneth Mackenzie (Royal Scots) receives a medal for rescuing Corporal Forsyth from drowning in Leith Docks.

WITH AND WITHOUT.

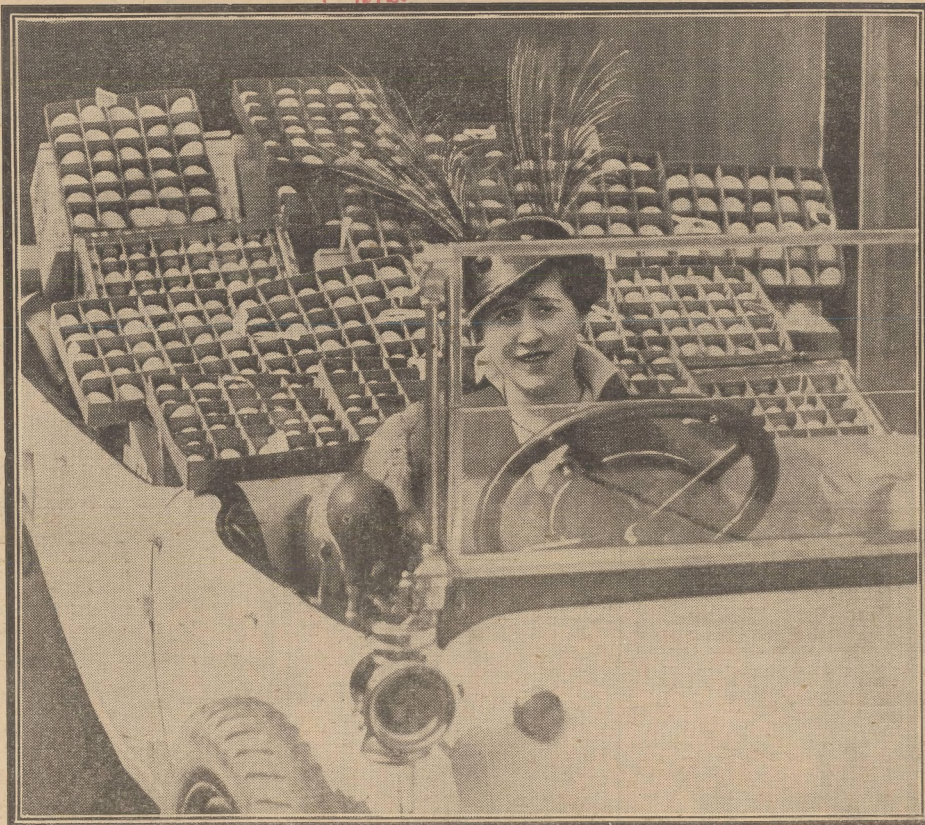
P. 333



The Naval Reserve man has had to sacrifice his moustache. It must now be all or nothing, like the rest of the Navy.

MOTOR-CAR LOADED WITH EGGS FOR THE WOUNDED.

P. 16120



Two hundred thousand eggs are wanted every week for the sick and wounded soldiers. It is a large number, but there are enthusiastic workers like Lady Monson who see that our heroes get all they require. Lady Monson, who is the wife of Sir Maxwell Monson, Bart., is seen driving a motor-car laden with a fragile freight.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WOMAN LITIGANT AND HER BRAVE COUNSEL: THE FIVE DEFENDANTS.

P. 17211

P. 17211

P. 17211



Lady Milman arrives.



Mr. Mason on the arm of his wife and Lady Milman's daughters.



Miss Victoria Poulton.

Miss Victoria Poulton, the governess who conducted her own case on Tuesday, was represented by Mr. Barrington Ward yesterday. She alleges conspiracy against Susan Lady Milman, her two daughters, Violet and Rosalind, and the Rev. Richard Swann.

Mason, a Fleet chaplain, and his wife. Miss Poulton explained on behalf of her counsel that he only took the case up the previous evening. "I think it very brave of him to take it up alone," she said.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)